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THREE AUSTRALIAN BOOMS.

In all countries accustomed to the ups and downs of mining ventures, the news of a large find of either gold or silver causes the most intense excitement. The mere rumour of a rich discovery at any place is sufficient to send hundreds of the Bedouin population of the mining districts flocking to the spot. These seem always ready to flit on the shortest notice to other fields, always ready once more to try their luck in a fresh gamble with Nature. So they wander about from field to field, sometimes making money, more often losing it; seldom, very seldom keeping it when made. In no part of the globe is this more constantly seen than in the Australian colonies. The Australians are indeed a gambling community, always ready for a 'plunge,' whether it be on the almost daily horserace or the last-discovered Eldorado. Wages are high, so the working-man has usually a few pounds to spare. The generality of them cannot resist the temptation to try their luck at the game which has made so many of their employers rich. The successful speculator is always 'en évidence,' an object of envy to some, and a lure to others. The ruined gambler sinks out of sight, and the lesson he might teach is never learned.

When the Broken Hill silver mines were first discovered, and it had been satisfactorily proved that silver really existed in payable quantities, half the population of Australia went 'silver mad.' The land round Broken Hill was pegged out into claims to the extent of thousands of acres. Companies were started by the score, many of them with barely sufficient capital to pay the expenses of sinking a hundred-foot shaft or driving a moderate adit. Every one bought scrip; shares rose at the rate of pounds daily. The clever ones realised fortunes and sold out; the majority held on for that little bit more which all men want, and in many cases lost all. A few of the lodes when properly opened up turned out enormous quantities of silver, and, until the present strikes, paid large dividends. The ma-

jority of the companies have now collapsed, others barely pay working expenses.

Some curious stories are told of fortunes made or missed at this time. One prospector was sinking along the line of a lode which ran through his claim. As he went down, he found the lode kept constantly widening and then 'pinching' again, an almost certain sign that it would soon die out. He therefore sunk till the lode widened again, and then sold his claim for a few hundred pounds, very pleased at having, as he considered, got a very good price for a very bad article. It is only natural to suppose that his guileless joy was not so keen when he heard that the claim had turned out one of the best on the field, worth in the market fully a million sterling.

The 'mining boom' was quickly followed by a 'boom' in property. Mushroom land and building societies started in numbers. Town properties changed hands again and again at enormous prices. Very often no cash passed between buyer and seller, bills being taken in payment—in many cases never met. One block of buildings and the land on which they stood were sold to a speculator, who paid a small deposit, with permission to pull down the building and erect better ones, more suitable for the good time coming. The old material was hardly off the ground before the 'boom' collapsed; the purchaser could not meet his engagements, vanished; and the unfortunate seller found himself with his property once more on his hands, but minus the buildings.

In the meantime prospectors from Broken Hill had gone to the west coast of Tasmania, where silver had, it was believed, been found in the early days of the convict occupation. These men went through almost incredible hardships. The country was covered either with dense bush or button-grass swamp. Riding was impossible. All their provisions had to be carried on their backs; their blankets, wet through by day, were often their sole covering at night. However, their efforts were rewarded, outcrops of ore

being found in all directions. The first lode worked in the neighbourhood of Mount Zeehan gave very good results. A company (the Silver Queen Company) was formed with fifteen thousand pounds capital, which was all called up and expended in sinking and machinery. Within a few months this mine had yielded such a large amount of both argentiferous galena and kaolin ore, that the directors found themselves able to declare two dividends.

A gigantic rush now set in for the field from all the surrounding colonies. Within the next two years, over fifteen hundred eighty-acre claims had been pegged out. Manganese and other outcrops, indications of silver beneath, were discovered in large numbers. Nearly two hundred companies were formed in Hobart alone, others in Zeehan and Melbourne. Roads were made by the Government; also a railway commenced by them from the port of Strahan to the town of Zeehan, which had commenced to spring up as fast as building materials could be put on to the ground. A number of large hotels were built, and no sooner built than crowded—three people often sleeping in a tiny room, others in the bar, on the tables, anywhere. Zeehan, from a small collection of huts, burst into a town of some thousands of inhabitants, boasting of gas and water companies, two Stock Exchanges, a perfect posse of hotels, shops with large plate-glass windows, churches, banks, a town hall and a corporation. Three private railway companies were formed, and very soon commenced work. In the vicinity of Mount Dundas, seven miles from Zeehan, rich discoveries of ore were made; and the market value of some of the mines, judged by the price of the shares, exceeded two hundred thousand pounds sterling, with a keen demand. All the road frontage between Zeehan and Dundas was pegged out into building allotments; had these been built on as intended, the houses would have formed a street as long as from Battersea Bridge to Liverpool Street.

Everything looked prosperous, and the gambling in mining scrip in all parts of the colonies raged more furiously than ever. The country surrounding the lodes (generally dark slaty rocks), the quality of the ore, the general direction of the lodes, all seemed to point to a successful issue. In one of the Dundas mines (the Central Dundas) the writer himself saw a lode which had been cut through ninety feet wide, of black gossan, thickly covered with chlorides, which sparkled like diamonds in the light of our candles. The streets of Zeehan at this time presented a curious, busy appearance, swarming with people of every trade and nationality: miners in their muddy garments, stockbrokers, speculators, visitors, and mining experts (these last quite ready to give excellent Reports about anything provided payment was in proportion), telegraph boys, drays laden with timber, horses with silver ore—all splashing through the mud, and continually passing and repassing up and down the narrow, dirty street. Ore was now being raised in tons and stacked, ready to send away to be smelted when the railways were opened. Men who had made fortunes at Broken Hill came to Tasmania, gave it as their belief that the lodes were 'true fissure,' and backed up their opinion by investing largely in shares. But one doubt was expressed, and this

only by the most cautious—that the enormous output of silver would lower the price of the article so much as to leave no margin for profit.

Suddenly, when things were looking almost at their best, and people were prophesying that the 'boom' had hardly begun, the Bank of Van Diemen's Land closed its doors, forced to do so by the united jealousy of other commercial institutions. Then followed other banks and building societies in Melbourne. These suspensions soon brought the mining shares down to their proper value, which was in many cases nothing at all, dear at the price of the paper they were printed on. The bank being closed, no money was forthcoming to pay calls, so numbers of the mines had to shut down for want of capital. In others, work had never been started, and all the funds were found expended in salaries to men with nothing to do. Other lodes pinched out, or were 'driven' for and missed, owing to 'faults' and other eccentricities of Nature. Gradually mine after mine closed down; the swarm of adventurers who had flocked to the field drifted away to other finds, those only remaining who could not get away through want of funds, or who were connected in some way with the few mines which still were kept working, generally by English capital. Twelve months since, Zeehan and Dundas were rapidly-growing towns, with every prospect of having between them in the future over one hundred thousand inhabitants. Now, most of the hotels are empty, the houses in many cases abandoned by their owners, only a few mines working with hope long deferred, and the furor has died out. All the 'bitten ones' have for consolation is probably a bundle of valueless mining scrip, which they may perhaps occasionally turn over, regretting sorrowfully that they did not sell out during the boom, which they still fondly hope may come again.

BLOOD ROYAL.*

CHAPTER XV.—A WILLING PRISONER.

AT Oxford all that day, Mr Archibald Gillespie of Durham College found himself in a very singular position indeed for an undergraduate of such unquestioned and respectable manners. For he was keeping Maud Plantagenet shut up behind a sported oak in her brother's rooms, and clandestinely supplying her with lunch, tea, and dinner!

This somewhat compromising condition of affairs in the third pair left of Back Quad New Buildings had been brought about by a pure concatenation of accidents. When Maud left Chiddingwick that morning, with nothing in her purse, she had trusted to Dick to supply her with the wherewithal for paying her way back again. But as Dick was not at home when she reached his rooms, she had been compelled to wait in for him till he returned from Chiddingwick. For the same reason, she was obviously unable to supply herself with food at an hotel or restaurant. Being a Plantagenet, indeed, she

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would have been far too proud to let Gillespie suspect these facts by overt act or word of hers; but somehow, he guessed them for himself, and soon found his suspicions confirmed by her very silence. Now, the scouts or college servants have a key of the 'oak,' and can enter men's rooms at any moment without warning beforehand. There was nothing for it, therefore, but for Gillespie to take Dick's scout frankly into his confidence; which he did accordingly. Already, he had forgotten his eleven o'clock lecture; Plato's *Republic* had gone to the wall before a pretty face; and now, he went outside the door to plot still further treason, and shouted, after the primitive Oxford fashion, for the servant.

'Look here, Robert,' he said, as the scout came up, 'there's a young lady in deep mourning in Mr Plantagenet's rooms. She's Mr Plantagenet's sister, and she's come up to see him about this dreadful affair the other day, you understand. But he's gone down home for the morning to Chiddingwick—they've crossed on the road—and he mayn't perhaps be back again till late in the evening. Now, I can see the young lady's got no money about her—she came away hurriedly—and I don't like to offer her any. So I'm going to telegraph to Mr Plantagenet to come back as soon as he can; but he can't be here for some time yet, anyhow. Of course, the young lady *must* have something to eat; and I want you to help me with it. Tell the porter who she is, and that she'll probably have to stop here till Mr Plantagenet comes back. Under the circumstances, nobody will say anything about it. At lunch-time, you must take out something quiet and nice in my name from the kitchen—chicken cutlets, and so forth—and serve it to the young lady in Mr Plantagenet's rooms. When Mr Plantagenet returns he'll see her out of college.'

As for Robert, standing by obsequious, he grinned from ear to ear at the obvious prospect of a good round tip, and undertook for his part with a very fair grace that the young lady's needs should be properly provided for. Your scout is a person of infinite resource, the most servile of his kind: he scents tips from afar, and would sell his soul to earn one. Even in this age of enlightenment, however, an Oxford college still retains many traits of the medieval monastery from which it sprang; women are banned in it; and 'twould have been as much as Mr Robert's place was worth to serve the unknown young lady in Dick Plantagenet's rooms without leave from headquarters. So he made a clean breast of it. Application to the Dean, however, resulted in his obtaining the necessary acquiescence; and Gillespie devoted himself through the rest of that day to making Maud as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances in her brother's rooms till Dick's return from Chiddingwick. So charitably was he minded, indeed, that he hardly left her at all except at meal-times. Now, in the course of a long day's *tête-à-tête*, two people get to know a wonderful deal of one another, especially if they have mutually sympathetic natures; and before Dick returned that evening to set Maud at liberty, she and Gillespie felt already like old friends together.

Dick didn't get back, as it happened, till long after Hall; and then it was too late for Maud to catch a train back that evening. The reason

for the delay was simple: Dick hadn't received Archie Gillespie's telegram till his return from the rectory. He had stopped there to lunch, at Mrs Tradescant's request, after his interview with Mary; and for Mary's sake he thought it best to accept the invitation. So the end of it all was that Dick had to find his sister a bed under the friendly roof of a married Fellow of his college; and that before he took her round there, he, she, and Gillespie had a long chat together about the prospects of the situation.

'Mr Gillespie and I have been talking it over all day, Dick,' Maud said very decidedly, 'and we're both of us of opinion—most distinctly of opinion, that you oughtn't, as a duty to mother and to us, to do anything that'll compel you to take back again the one great forward step you took in coming to Oxford. Mr Gillespie says rightly, it's easy enough to go down, but not by any means so easy, once you're there, to climb up again.'

'I ought to do whatever makes me earn an immediate income soonest, though, for all your sakes, Maud,' Dick objected stoutly.

'Not at all!' Maud answered with Plantagenet decision, and with wisdom above her years, dictated no doubt by her love and pride in her brother. 'You oughtn't to sacrifice the future to the present.' Then she turned to him quite sharply. 'Did you see Mary Tudor to-day?' she asked, regardless of Gillespie's presence, for she considered him already as an old friend of the family.

The tell-tale colour rushed up fast into Dick's cheek. 'Yes, I did,' he answered, half faltering. 'And she behaved most nobly. She behaved as you'd expect such a girl to behave, Maud. She spoke of it quite beautifully.'

Maud drew back, triumphant. If Mary had been there, she could have thrown her thin arms round her neck and kissed her. 'Well, and she didn't advise you to go and settle at Chiddingwick!' Maud cried with proud confidence.

'She didn't exactly *advise* me,' Dick answered with some little hesitation; 'but she acquiesced in my doing it; and she said whatever I did, she'd always love me equally. In point of fact,' Dick added, somewhat sheepishly, 'we never were engaged at all before to-day; but this morning we settled it.'

Maud showed her profound disappointment, nay, almost her contempt, in her speaking face. To say the truth, it's seldom we can any of us see anything both from our own point of view and some one else's as well. Maud could see nothing in all this but profound degradation for Dick, and indirectly for the family, if Dick went back to Chiddingwick; while Mary had only thought how noble and devoted it was of her unselfish lover to give up everything so readily for his mother and sisters.

'I think,' Dick ventured to put in, since Mary's reputation was at stake in Maud's mind, 'she was most—well, pleased that I should be willing to—make this sacrifice—if I may call it so—because I thought it my duty.'

Maud flung herself on the floor at his side, and held his hand in hers passionately. 'Oh, Dick,' she cried, clinging to him, 'dear Dick! she oughtn't to have thought like that! She oughtn't to have thought of *us*! She ought to

have thought, as I do, of you and your future! If I, who am your sister, am so jealous of your honour, surely she, who's the girl you mean to marry, ought to be ten times more so!

'So she is,' Dick answered, manfully. 'Only, don't you see, Maud, there are different ways of looking at it. She thinks, as I do, that it's best and most imperative to do one's duty first; she would give me up for herself, almost, and wait for me indefinitely, if she thought I could do better so for you and dear mother.'

Maud clung to him passionately still. For it was not to him only she clung, but also to the incarnate honour of the family. 'Oh, Dick,' she cried once more, 'you mustn't do it; you mustn't do it; you'll kill me if you do it! We don't mind starving; that's as easy as anything; but not a second time shall we drizzle in the dust of the street the honour of the Plantagenets.'

They sat up late that night, and talked it all over from every side alternately. And the more they talked it over, the more did Gillespie come round to Maud's opinion on the matter. It might be necessary for Dick to leave Oxford, indeed; though even that would be a wrench; but if he left Oxford, it would certainly be well he should take some other work—whatever work turned up—even if less well paid, that would not unclass him.

And before they separated for the night, Maud had wrung this concession at least out of her wavering brother, that he would do nothing decisive before the end of term; and that, meanwhile, he would try to find some more dignified employment in London or elsewhere. Only in the last resort, he promised her, would he return to Chiddingwick—and his father's calling. That should be treated as the final refuge against absolute want. And indeed his soul loathed it; he had only contemplated it at first, not for himself but for his kin, from a stern sense of duty.

Gillespie saw Maud off at the station next morning with Dick. He was carefully dressed, and wore, what was unusual with him, a flower in his button-hole. Maud's last words to him were: 'Now, Mr Gillespie, remember; I rely upon you to keep Dick from backsliding.'

And Gillespie answered, with a courteous bow to the slim pale little creature who sat in deep mourning on the bare wooden seat of the third-class carriage (South-eastern pattern): 'You may count upon me, Miss Plantagenet, to carry out your programme.'

As they walked back together silently up the High towards Durham, Gillespie turned with a sudden dart to his friend and broke their joint reverie. 'Is your sister engaged, Dick?' he asked with a somewhat nervous jerk.

'Why, no,' Dick answered, taken aback—'at least, not that I ever heard of.'

'I should think she would be soon,' Gillespie retorted meaningly.

'Why so?' Dick inquired in an unsuspecting voice.

'Well, she's very pretty,' Gillespie answered; 'and very clever; and very distinguished-looking.'

'She is pretty,' Dick admitted, unsuspecting as before. No man ever really remembers his own sisters are women. 'But, you see, she never

meets any young men at Chiddingwick. There's nobody to make love to her.'

'So much the better!' Gillespie replied, and then relapsed into silence.

(To be continued.)

LONG-DISTANCE RIDES.

THE recent performances of German, Austrian, and Hungarian horsemen perforce invite comparison with former feats of a similar kind; and of these, as far as authentic records allow comparison, Britain has almost the monopoly. The accomplishment, between Berlin and Vienna, of journeys which varied, according to the route chosen, from three hundred and sixty-one English miles to over four hundred, in any time less than eighty-five hours, exhibits the men who took part in the tremendous race as active and untiring riders, if not as horsemen. It is hardly necessary to observe that between a 'good rider' and a 'good horseman' there is a wide and important difference; the former term implying strong seat and light hands only, while the latter indicates in addition the rider's intimate knowledge of his mount, and ability to get out of him the last ounce without inflicting injury. In the majority of cases, the Austrian and German officers proved themselves bad horsemen; the horse ridden by Count Starhemberg, the winner, died of exhaustion the day after its arrival at Berlin; the Irish mare upon which Baron Reitzenstein won the second place, fell from sheer fatigue as soon as her rider dismounted, and could not be induced to rise for several hours; while at least five other competitors literally rode their horses to death. These disasters, repugnant to feelings of humanity, indicate the inability of the riders to measure the endurance of their mounts. Any man who can keep in the saddle can ride a horse to death. His sole requirements for the feat are a hard heart and a strong whip; but it requires a horseman in the highest sense of the word to get out of his animal in a given time the maximum quantity of work it can safely perform. The peculiar temperament and nervous system of the horse—the pluck which gives the thoroughbred his value—require careful study and attention. Other beasts of burden—the elephant, camel, mule, and bullock—are so constituted that no punishment will persuade them to go on when tired out; a well-bred horse, as every one knows, if pressed will gallop till he drops dead.

Foremost among English feats of horsemanship we have one which for generations has been represented in the circus ring. Dick Turpin's famous ride from London to York has taken its place among nursery legends; nevertheless, it was actually performed, and stands as a record of its kind. The highwayman, riding with the very best reason in the world—the safety of his neck—covered the distance of over two hundred miles in a little under twelve hours. This performance stands alone as the longest and fastest journey ever made on the same horse. Most of the long rides of which record exists have been made for wagers; such records are therefore

reliable. Squire Osbaldestone's undertaking to ride two hundred miles in ten hours, which he accomplished so successfully on the 5th of November 1831, is one of the most remarkable feats of endurance in the saddle, and has the merit of freedom from cruelty. The Squire rode his race on the Newmarket racecourse, changing his horse every fourth mile. Four miles is a safe limit for such a purpose, as that splendid horseman knew. Three-mile laps could have been covered in time relatively a little better; but a sound horse in fair training could do his four miles without distress in such time as to make that distance, with the consequent reduction in the number of changes, the most suitable for the purpose. Mr Osbaldestone used sixteen horses for his task, and rode standing in his stirrups like a jockey, while he kept his mount at best speed from start to finish of its four-mile heat, having quite a 'set-to' with his pacemaker at the end of each. The Squire was a hard man, and, in good training, so suffered no bad effects from his exertions.

A most creditable performance by Australian Mounted Infantry, in April 1889, also deserves mention, as having been conceived and carried out in a truly sportsman-like spirit. The members of the Gympie Mounted Infantry having been out in camp for manoeuvres at a place called Lytton, near Brisbane, arranged to race home, a distance of one hundred and sixteen miles. With a discretion the German and Austrian executive had done well to copy, over-riding was provided against by the stipulation that no horse should win a prize if he arrived at the winning-post distressed, or in such condition that he could not do a further distance of ten miles. Eleven men, fully equipped in marching order, started from Brisbane at 2.40 P.M. on Wednesday the 23d April. The winner, Private Edwards, riding twelve stone ten pounds, arrived at Gympie at 2 P.M. next day, thus travelling the one hundred and sixteen miles in twenty-three hours and twenty minutes. The route lay over roads heavy from continuous rain, and included the crossing of a range of hills which threw out several of the competitors. The second man, Sergeant O'Neill, actually rode a better race than the winner, as his horse carried fourteen stone three pounds, and came in only a few yards behind Edwards'. The third and fourth men also arrived home within fifty yards of the winner. The horses ridden in this remarkable race were all thoroughbreds, and were in perfect training. It is hardly necessary to observe that a long course of preparation is essential to fit any horse for such a journey.

This Australian race has value as furnishing trustworthy data on which to estimate the travelling power of men and horses, for which purpose the Austro-German competition is absolutely useless. Every man who got home in the latter—and of the one hundred and nine Germans only seventy-two appear to have reached Vienna—brought in his horse in such a condition that if it did not succumb altogether, its career of utility was at an end: each unfortunate animal bore testimony that it had been taxed cruelly beyond its powers, and proved in its state not how far it could travel, but that it could not travel the distance asked of it and survive.

Our ancestors perforce made most of their

journeys on horseback until public conveyances became general, and, as might be supposed, long-distance rides against time were not uncommon. One conspicuous case has lately been unearthed by a descendant of the rider. Mr Thomas Cole, in 1614, rode from London to Shrewsbury, a distance of one hundred and fifty-four miles, in fourteen hours. He started from London at three o'clock on the morning of 4th August, and reached his destination before five o'clock the same afternoon. We are not told how often he changed horses; but the then condition of the roads, if they deserved the name at all, makes it certain that he did so with considerable frequency. As an example of sturdy endurance, this performance deserves a more prominent place in our records of horsemanship. We recall other feats of the same kind in the last century, but none quite equal to it.

Finally may be mentioned the brightest example of pluck and endurance in the saddle known to us—Captain Charles Townley's extraordinary journey on horseback from Belgrade to Constantinople in October 1849. This ride of eight hundred and twenty miles was not inspired by sporting motives; it was a race for life, not the rider's; a splendid response to the call of duty, and no more. How it came to be made is briefly told. It will be remembered that in the year mentioned the Hungarian War of Independence came to its bloody close, and the patriot Kossuth and many of his friends were compelled to seek in flight safety from the fate which threatened them as rebels against Austria. They made their way to Vidin, and there remained, trusting to the hospitality of the Turks. Austria and the Porte's hereditary enemy Russia demanded the surrender of the fugitives, threatening war if their demand were refused. The Sultan was disinclined to give up men he regarded, in a manner, as guests; but fear of Russia might have overcome his scruples, had the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, not appealed to his sense of honour and dignity to stand firm. Sir Stratford Canning was a power at Pera, and the Turks had grown accustomed to look to him for guidance at critical times; hence, when the Czar pressed for a plain answer to his demand for the extradition of Kossuth and his compatriots, the answer dictated by Canning was 'No.' Russia and Austria forthwith recalled their representatives from the Turkish capital, and war seemed inevitable. Turkey, quaking with fear, turned to Canning; his advice had led her into the scrape; he should see her through it. Sir Stratford was not a man who did things by halves; the responsibility was tremendous, but he did not shrink. He took upon himself to promise that England would stand by Turkey in the struggle, and appealed to Lord Palmerston to ratify the promise without an hour's unnecessary delay.

In those pre-telegraphic days the 'Queen's Messenger' held a more responsible position in his country's service than he does now. As in this instance, the question 'Peace or War?' might be decided by his speed; and where railways did not exist, his speed often depended on his horsemanship. Thus, when Lord Palmerston looked about him for a man to convey his message of approval to Canning, he sought not

only one on whose energy and trustworthiness he could rely, but one who could turn to the very best account the means of travel available. He saw the right man in Captain Townley, a famous rider to hounds, and an intrepid soldier. Him, 'Old Pam' despatched with orders to 'spare neither yourself nor others.' On the 20th October the messenger left Belgrade, carrying the assurance of England's support. Despatches had already been sent by the Austrian Government to the Porte, and if these arrived before Captain Townley brought his, all might be undone. Everything was in favour of Austria's winning the race: three special relays of messengers were waiting at various points on the road to carry on the despatches, and if Townley meant to arrive first, his work was cut out. He proved himself equal to it in the teeth of difficulties which might well have pardoned failure. He had eight hundred and twenty miles to go, changing horses wherever and whenever he could; the roads, never of the best, were deep with mud, and he had to cross the Balkans at night in utter darkness. Twice, the horse he rode fell with him; and not half the journey had been covered when an old gunshot wound worked open and drenched him with blood. Save when he stopped to change horses, and once for six hours to sleep, he spent five days and eleven hours in the saddle, latterly almost fainting with fatigue and loss of blood. But he won his race: at half-past five on the morning of the 28th October, he reached the British Embassy at Pera, and learned that his magnificent performance had not been in vain. Sir Stratford Canning was enabled to announce that the British fleet had been ordered to the Dardanelles; and Austria and Russia, baffled, sullenly withdrew the demand they dared not attempt to enforce.

Without doubt, the horses used in this ride suffered severely. But how would it have fared with Captain Townley's mission had he been merely a bold and enduring rider, and not a horseman who knew exactly how far he might tax the powers of his mounts? He must have failed. Making 'the more haste, the less speed,' he would have ridden his first horse to death half-way through its stage, and would have found himself hopelessly 'thrown out.'

Long-distance rides in these days of universal railways are more in the nature of idle experiments than tests of equine endurance from which deductions of practical value can be drawn. Of late years, forced marches have been a somewhat prominent feature in the programme of work annually carried out by our own cavalry regiments, and these, by reason of the manner in which they are performed, are of genuine utility. To move a body of cavalry at such speed that on arrival at the point where its offensive services were required, the horses were exhausted, obviously would be the purest folly. And how far the average, not the best, horse can travel in a given time and arrive fit for further work after reasonable rest is a matter in which we cannot be too well informed. Such knowledge is gained only by experiment, and only experiments made by fairly large bodies of cavalry judiciously regulated command serious attention.

It does not come fairly under the heading of

this paper, but while dealing with the subject of horses' staying power, it may be of interest to mention that some Eastern nations who give endurance its full value, encourage its development far more practically than do we. General Sir Harry Prendergast told the writer that he was on one occasion present at a race-meeting held at Teheran at which the shortest race was eight miles and the longest twenty-four; the races he witnessed being quite the usual thing, and in no way exceptional in Persia. The bare suggestion of an eight-mile race would create a sensation at Newmarket; nevertheless, to ride it well would demand jockeyship of a higher order than our shorter races develop and to which we are accustomed in this country.

RALPH THORNLEIGH'S PICTURE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

'ALTHOUGH the present Exhibition at Burlington House contains an exceptionally large number of works of unusual merit, we have no difficulty in selecting the picture of the year. Our choice falls without hesitation upon Mr Ralph Thornleigh's "Despair" (No. 357). This powerful work cannot fail to attract universal attention, and it is not easy to describe it without employing language which savours of exaggeration. It is long since such faultless technique, such mastery of colour, such ability to express emotion, have been discovered by an unknown artist. We do not recall having heard Mr Thornleigh's name before; but the painter of "Despair" will, we are confident, take his place ere long among the foremost portrait painters of the day. We shall watch Mr Thornleigh's career with interest.'

Colonel Stardale read it once; rose from the breakfast-table and read it again; then dropped the *Times* and his eyeglass together, and gave the bell a pull which brought his valet up-stairs four steps at a time.

'Hansom!' he gasped, almost before the door was opened, 'immediately!'

The man vanished; and Colonel Stardale picked up the newspaper to read 'The Royal Academy' column a third time. He had been to Burlington House once, just to say he had been there, and had read the press notices to be able to 'talk Academy' at dinner: but the season being now fairly under weigh, he had been too busy to spend more than a perfunctory half-hour at the Exhibition; and having no artistic proclivities, had spent the time talking to friends instead of studying pictures. He had not even entered the room where No. 357 hung, and had heard no mention of it until last night, when young Tripstone of the Guards asked him with a peculiar grin whether he had 'seen No. 357 at the Academy.' Mr Tripstone's remark recurred to him as he read the *Times* critique, and at the same moment it flashed upon him that Thornleigh was the name of the artist who made that frasco of Miss Cairnwood's portrait. A horrible suspicion seized him, and he stepped into the hansom which awaited him, and drove the few hundred yards up to Piccadilly, looking very much disturbed.

He was soon standing, catalogue in hand, before

Ralph's masterpiece, which had caught his eye the moment he came into the room. The last shred of hopeful doubt was dispelled: No. 357 was the 'caricature' he had only a month since condemned to destruction in that garret off Holborn. Colonel Stardale honestly believed the picture a daub when he saw it on the easel; but now a strange feeling of awe came over him as he looked up at it. Beatrice stood, her head turned slightly to the left, wearing an expression he had never seen upon her face; her hands were clenched tightly before her, and the whole pose betrayed an agony of hopeless despair. Colonel Stardale was unable to remove his eyes from the face; he was anything but an impressionable man, but there was a something in the portrait which held him spellbound.

The voices of a party of early visitors brought him to himself, and he turned hastily away. 'What does it mean?' he wondered as he walked out through the turnstiles and down the stairs. 'This is terrible. Every one will recognise her, and she will be the talk of the town. I wish I had seen the picture destroyed at the time; but who ever would have dreamt of seeing in the Academy such a daub as it looked? Hung on the line, too! And held up to special notice by the critics! "Despair." What does it all mean? The chatter will be something awful.'

Colonel Stardale's prognostications proved correct. People who knew Beatrice—and the number of her friends had quadrupled since her engagement—saw No. 357, and exclaimed at once: 'Miss Cairnswood, by all that's mysterious; engaged to Colonel Stardale, you know; she can't have much to despair about!' There were a few who had known Ralph Thornleigh in his more prosperous days, and had observed the attention he was wont to pay Miss Macallan's pretty niece; and these were able to construct a neat and pathetic little story out of the materials at their command. It bore no resemblance to the true one, but that mattered nothing; it received general credence, and a fortnight after the Academy opened, the picture was the best-discussed subject in London. The striking talent of the artist was quite enough to make a sensation; and this, in conjunction with the engagement of the young lady to so well known a man as Colonel Stardale, made a dish which was served up daily in club and drawing-room and never palled.

The talk began, as usual, in whispers, increased to a murmur, and rapidly grew into a roar. People gave up pretending they did not know there was a story attached to No. 357, when the topic was broached before Colonel Stardale. He could go nowhere but before long some lady cornered him and begged him to 'explain.' In vain he would plead ignorance: in vain he declared Miss Cairnswood knew no Mr Thornleigh, and never in her life had given any artist 'sittings'; and equally in vain he tried to escape or turn the subject. Never a day passed but some new legend was brought to his unwilling ears to receive the stamp of his contradiction; he could go nowhere in comfort; he could find peace only in his chambers and at Warriston Square. Beatrice, who had been harassed even more unsparingly than himself, had given up going out altogether; and the Colonel saw ample

reason for her seclusion in the changed looks which indicated her indifferent health. The truth was Mr Macallan's difficulties were fast coming to a crisis, and his sister, resolutely closing her eyes to the physical injury she was doing her niece, worried her unceasingly to take the step which her calculations convinced her would rescue Messrs Macallan & Son from disaster. But no entreaties to name a day, a week, or even a month for the wedding, moved Beatrice; she ceased urging reasons and excuses for postponing the ceremony; and argue as she would, her aunt could wring no reply from her but that she did not wish to marry yet. The sensation her portrait caused had taken her utterly aback. She had known when she gave Ralph permission to exhibit the picture that she must be recognised; but she had lost sight of the fact that her engagement to Colonel Stardale gave her a far more prominent social place than she used to fill, and it had soon been borne in upon her that 'No. 357' had made her almost a public character: her daily walks had brought this home in a particularly distasteful form.

Nevertheless, there was a bright silver lining to the cloud. In her inmost heart Beatrice revelled in the thought that she had been the means of bringing her lover success. Hope sprang again into vigorous life, and hearkening daily as she did to numberless prophecies of name and fortune for Ralph Thornleigh, it was not wonderful that she refused to name the day for her marriage.

Her intended husband had never inquired if she could account for the curious character in which the artist had portrayed her; he shrank from alluding to the topic which had given him so much annoyance, but none the less he suspected in his fiancée's life the existence of a chapter he had not been permitted to read. He had privately questioned Miss Macallan; but that discreet woman knew nothing; she had never heard of Mr Thornleigh, and was quite sure Beatrice was equally ignorant. How could she? A poor artist who lived in an attic! The Colonel might depend that Miss Macallan's theory was right—namely, that this painter, who undoubtedly was a very clever one, had seen in the photograph the infinite possibilities offered by Beatrice's beauty, and had deliberately made a convenience of the Colonel's order to paint a sensational picture which should attract attention.

'Can you not take legal steps to force him to suppress the picture?' concluded Miss Macallan. 'I am sure you would be justified in punishing such scandalous audacity.'

But the Colonel shook his head; now the mischief was done, it would only aggravate matters to prosecute, even if the man had overstepped the law, which he thought exceedingly doubtful.

'I don't know what to say, I'm sure,' said Miss Macallan fretfully. 'I'm getting quite anxious about Beatrice, she is looking so pale and seedy. It's all worry, you know, Colonel; it's entirely owing to the scandal caused by this wretched picture.'

Colonel Stardale winced perceptibly at the word 'scandal,' but it seemed to convince him of the necessity for taking definite steps.

'We cannot allow it to go on,' he said decisively.

'You must take her away from town, beyond the reach of prating tongues, as soon as possible. Say to Brighton.'

Miss Macallan rose to the occasion instantly. 'I will tell Beatrice what you say, Colonel Stardale, and I'm sure when she learns it is your wish, she will go to-morrow.'

Beatrice, as her aunt well knew, would be the last to urge objections to such an arrangement; but her motives for desiring to leave town differed widely from those ascribed on her behalf. Temporary residence at Brighton, or at any spot distant from town, meant a definite reprieve for so long as that absence might last; and she embraced the proposal eagerly.

The Colonel breathed more freely when she had gone, for he had not enjoyed being seen with her latterly; to be mixed up in a scandal of this description with an obscure artist was intensely odious to him, and Miss Cairnswood's absence gave him a sense of greater independence and freedom. But he soon realised that her departure had done nothing to save him from the incessant questioning, whatever it had accomplished for her, and ere long that came to pass which he dreaded above all things. The Society papers took the matter up, and vied with one another in the publication of stories mendaciously sensational. The Colonel chafed miserably under it, but realising that he could do nothing to stem the flood, waited with what patience he might for it to subside.

But meantime the 'picture scandal,' as it had come to be called, flourished with a vitality that seemed indestructible, and at length the *Mayfair Gazette* brought forward a new story which roused the Colonel to action, unaware though he was that it trod heavily upon the heels of truth.

'We learn upon the best authority,' said the *Mayfair*, 'that Mr Thornleigh's now famous picture was painted under most romantic circumstances. The original of the portrait—who, as all the world knows, is Miss Cairnswood—was at one time engaged to be married to the artist. Misfortune threatening the relative upon whom Miss Cairnswood is dependent, the match was broken off; and it is more than whispered that the marriage since arranged for her with a gentleman well known in society is not wholly unconnected with that misfortune.'

This suggestive paragraph was scarcely in print before some considerate but anonymous friend brought it under Ralph Thornleigh's notice: theretofore he had ignored the various inventions with which the weekly papers regaled their readers, but now he also felt that the time had come to try to put a stop to them. Accordingly he called at the office of the *Mayfair* and requested an interview with the editor. He had some trouble in gaining admission to the sacred precincts of the editor's room; but once within its portals he lost no time in coming to the point.

'I have called,' he said, 'to ask you to favour me with the name of the person who furnished that story about my picture, published in your last number.'

The editor smiled pityingly. 'Quite impossible, Mr Thornleigh; absolutely against our rule to disclose the name of a correspondent.'

'But surely you acknowledge my right to demand the name,' returned Ralph warmly.

Again the editor smiled an aggravating smile. 'Absolutely impossible, sir,' he repeated blandly. —'But,' he continued, scenting useful 'copy,' 'no one is better qualified to deny the story—if it be untrue—than yourself, Mr Thornleigh. If you will deny it, I shall be most happy to publish anything you may wish to say.'

'I didn't come here to confirm or deny anything,' answered Ralph, with no little irritation; 'I want the name of the busybody who sent you the story.'

The editor's smile gave place to a look of lofty indignation. 'I must bid you good-day, Mr Thornleigh,' he said, rising from his chair and ringing the bell.

Ralph swept out of the office in a rage, and when he reached the street, pulled out the paper to read that paragraph again. 'I would have burned the thing ten times over rather than have brought this upon her,' he muttered. 'I only trust she may never see it.' Success whose fruits she would never share was scarcely worth achieving at any price, but purchased at the cost of annoyance to her it was worse than ignominious failure.

The editor of the *Mayfair* had another visitor that morning in the person of Colonel Stardale. The Colonel, more deliberate in his movements, but not less firm in his purpose, felt that justice to himself demanded inquiry. He had no difficulty in obtaining access to the editorial sanctum. The editorial doors flew open at the mention of his name; but the editorial breast refused to impart its secrets even to Colonel Stardale, for the simple truth was the editorial imagination had inspired the 'par.' in question. Colonel Stardale would not stoop to press for the information; but the editor was kind enough to volunteer a statement for which he was scarcely prepared—namely, that Mr Ralph Thornleigh had called a few hours ago on the same errand, and when the editor offered to publish a denial of the story, Mr Thornleigh had refused to deny it. On learning this, Colonel Stardale took up his hat and bowed himself out, leaving the editor to spend an unhappy afternoon in the pages of 'Barkin's Law of Libel.'

The Colonel left the office and walked back to St James's Street at once. He had a distinct purpose in mind, and acted upon it as soon as he reached his chambers. He sat down and wrote Beatrice a carefully-worded account of the *Mayfair's* story and his visit to that journal's office; he asked her to tell him frankly whether or no there were any truth in it. If she did indeed love another man, he would at once release her from her promise to marry himself, and never ask what had incited her to give that promise. He concluded by requesting her to regard his letter as confidential, and to deal openly with him; she would do him grave wrong to give him her hand without her heart.

It must be admitted that it cost the Colonel no great effort to write this letter. His nice sense of propriety had been cruelly lacerated; and his pride had been severely wounded by the *Mayfair's* thinly-veiled imputation that he owed his seeming conquest of Beatrice to the machinations of needy relatives with designs upon his wealth. His love was sincere so far as it went; but it was by no

means so deeply rooted that he could not tear it up if necessity arose; and as he closed and addressed the missive, he told himself that he was already a free man.

Nevertheless, the prompt reply he received from Beatrice was not altogether palatable to him. She said that since he had asked a straightforward question she would give an honest answer. She did love another man, and that man was no other than Ralph Thornleigh. She explained that her permission had been asked and given to exhibit the picture, though at the time she had no suspicion of the attention it would command. She sincerely regretted having thus been the innocent means of causing pain to so kind a friend, and was sure Mr Thornleigh would share the feeling. Finally—and this was the pill the Colonel found so nauseous—she thanked him for his offer to release her from her promise to marry him, and most gratefully accepted it.

'Most gratefully accepts, it!' The Colonel did not care about the phrase at all. He could not blame her, however; so he crushed down his resentment, and wrote her a kindly letter of farewell.

Then he countermanded certain articles of jewellery he had ordered; directed his man to pack up immediately; placed two or three friends under vows of eternal secrecy, and confided to them that his engagement was at an end; and left for Switzerland, serenely confident that all London would hear of it within the week. He was not mistaken. During the first fortnight of his stay in the Engadine he received no fewer than ninety letters condoling with him on the shameful treatment accorded him at Miss Cairnswood's hands. The Colonel answered all with his customary punctuality, and told himself that he might show in town next season with a perfectly 'clean slate.'

We may pass over the scene enacted at the hotel at Brighton when Miss Macallan learned of her niece's dismissal of Colonel Stardale; it was not edifying. We will turn rather to Mr Thornleigh, who received from Beatrice on the day the Colonel's farewell reached her, an urgent summons, which he obeyed in the promptest fashion. He called upon Mr Macallan, told him he was now in a position to offer Beatrice a comfortable home, and requested leave to 'speak to her.' Uncle Angus, who at the moment his visitor arrived was poring over a long letter from his niece, had very little to say. If Mr Thornleigh felt that his future was quite assured, and that he was prepared to take care of Beatrice, Mr Macallan had no objections to urge: quite the contrary; he would wish him God speed and bid him hasten to her at once. Ralph gave the required assurance, and went off to Brighton by the next train. Beatrice met him at the station; and has not lost sight of him since.

The long-delayed crash came soon after Colonel Stardale's departure, and the news, gleaned from the *Times*, drew from him a frank and generous offer of help, which, however, much to his sister's chagrin, Angus Macallan declined. Eventually, however, some friends combined to start him again in business, and he is getting on very well. He now lives at Hackney, which suits him, but which Miss Macallan calls 'an impossible place.' Ralph

and Beatrice are settled at Twickenham. He is fast making a reputation, and says Beatrice helps him; this may or may not be true, but they are very happy. So is Colonel Stardale, who is still a bachelor.

JEWISH DOCTORS.

THROUGHOUT the middle ages in both Europe and the East the science of the physician was in the hands of the Jews. We find at Bagdad and at Paris, at Vienna, and even in the Vatican, beside Prince and Pope, a Jew installed to be the court physician. Not only so, but the faculties of Medicine in the universities sprang out of Jewish schools. Many of the Jewish Doctors were held in the highest esteem, were the authors of works still extant, and contributed by no means a little to the emancipation of the science from superstitious methods.

At a very early age medicine was practised among the Jews, and the words of the author of the book *Ecclesiasticus*, 'Honour a physician with the honour due unto him for the uses which ye may have of him: for the Lord hath created him,' show in what esteem he was held. Moreover, the words that follow let us see that even in the days of the son of Sirach—the second century before Christ—the Jewish doctor had assumed a recognised position in the Oriental courts. The author goes on to say: 'He shall receive honour of the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head: and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration.'

It is remarkable that the son of Sirach in the account of the physician confines his commendation to legitimate practice, as we should now term it, and gives no countenance to the astrological quackery which was so largely imported into the art of healing. He says: 'The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth; and he that is wise will not abhor them'—by these medicines herbs as well as minerals are to be understood. 'Of such doth the apothecary make a confection.'

That wrong-doing and sickness were intimately connected seems to have been a notion from an early age. When the blind man was healed by Christ, the question was asked whether he had sinned or his parents, that he had been born blind; and in the book of *Ecclesiasticus* the instruction given to the sick is, first to 'leave off sin, and order thine hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all wickedness;' and after that, 'Give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him: let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him. There is a time when in their hands there is good success.'

In later times, a sect among the Jews made the practice of medicine one of its main objects; this was the sect of the Essenes and Therapeutae, of whom Josephus and Philo give such curious accounts. Josephus relates how he saw a possessed man healed in the presence of Vespasian by one of this sect, named Eleazar. The practice seems to have been superstitious. He introduced a certain root into the nose of the afflicted man, and pronounced the name of Solomon, together with some magical formulae.

Akiba was a physician of repute, after the fall of Jerusalem, as was also his friend Ishmael. The

two doctors were walking together in Jerusalem one day, when they were consulted by a sick man, and gave him a prescription. A gardener standing by at once questioned them. 'Who,' asked he, 'afflicted this man?'

'God,' was their reply.

The gardener at once posed them with, 'Then how dare you men interfere with the work of God?'

After a moment's pause, Akiba said: 'You are a gardener?'

'Yes—that is my trade.'

'Who produces fruits out of the earth?'

'God,' answered the gardener.

'Then,' said Akiba, 'how dare you meddle with His work?'

As the man was confounded, Akiba explained that as in a field grew weeds with the good seed, so were the elements of disease in the body of man along with the principle of health, and that as God gave the tiller of the soil the work of clearing the ground of weeds, and nourishing the good seeds, so did He send the physician to eradicate the evil from man's body, and encourage the growth in him of vigour and vital force.

The Talmud gives us an insight into the medical practices of the Jewish physicians, and we see that although there was much that was absurd and superstitious, there was nevertheless some sound principle, and real research into the origin of disease. What is very remarkable is that the physician Samuel, who died 243 A.D., devoted himself to dissection, and at his death left a sum of money to be spent in the purchase of corpses for anatomical research. Such studies could not be prosecuted without great danger, as the vulgar were certain to be alarmed, and were likely to fall upon a Jew who explored the construction of a dead body.

Abba Oumna was an illustrious physician of the fourth century, and a man of great nobility of character. He would not receive a fee in his hands, because he feared discouraging poor sick people from visiting him, as they might think he would not care to attend to them if unable to richly reward him. He had, accordingly, a box put in his anteroom with a slit in it, and every patient put in just what he liked, whether he were rich or poor. But perhaps the most striking story told of him is this. One day two students of medicine visited him from a distance and asked to be lodged with him overnight. He gave them up a room in which was a handsome carpet. Next morning they ran off with the carpet, went to the bazaar, and there offered it for sale. Oumna came by, and seeing the carpet, but not recognising the men, asked its price. They bade him offer a sum. He named what he would give for the carpet, but they replied it was too little. 'Not at all,' said he; 'that is what I paid for a carpet precisely similar to this one.' Then the two students told him it was his carpet which they had carried off, and asked him whether he had not formed an opinion that they were great rascals, when he found how his hospitality had been abused.

'Not at all,' answered the physician. 'A child of Israel never judges any from a first offence. Come—I will buy back my carpet, and do you give the money to the poor.'

When Oumna was consulted by very poor

persons, after he had recovered them from their disease, he was wont to give them money and say: 'Now go—get you bread and meat; those be the best doctors to attend on you henceforth.' The remedies scattered here and there in the Talmud have been collected in a curious work by Günzburger, published at Göttingen in 1743. As already intimated, many of them are of no real value. We will pass from the Talmudic period of medicine with one quotation which does not breathe the spirit of gallantry: 'There is a cure for all sicknesses if the stomach be clear; for all aches and pains if the heart be not affected; for all troubles if the head be not attacked; but there is no relief from a bad woman.'

An immense destruction of medical books as well as of others took place when the Saracens conquered Persia. Saad, son of Abu-Wakkas, wrote to Omar to know what was to be done with all the books that had come into his possession. 'Throw them into the river,' answered Omar. 'If they are good for anything, Allah can and will direct us without them; if good for naught, the sooner God rid of the better.'

Bassorah became a great school of medicine among the Jews, and Omar himself thought it advisable to call to his aid the famous Jewish physician Abu-Hafsa. The Calif Moawiyah I. encouraged the translation into Arabic of Hebrew tracts on the science of healing. The Bassorah school was moved to Bagdad, and from this school issued Isaac-ben-Amram, a native of Damascus. He was called in to attend the Emir of Cairouan, and found that a Christian physician was also in attendance, who opposed all that he prescribed. Then Isaac withdrew, saying: 'Disagreement among doctors is worse than tertian fever.'

Isaac-ben-Solomon, or Abu Jakub as he was called, was a disciple of the former Isaac, and was born about 832 A.D. He died at the age of a hundred, unmarried. Some one said to him in his old age: 'Are you not sorry that you leave behind you no children?' 'Not at all,' answered the physician. 'I leave what is better than children—my treatise on Fevers.' Another version of the story is that he valued his eighteen volumes—one a treatise on Philosophy, others on Religion—higher than a family of children.

At Salerno was a famous school of medicine, and many eminent Jewish physicians issued from it. The school was founded by the Greeks and Saracens, and at one time in it Pontus taught in Greek, Abdallah in Arabic, and Eliseus in Hebrew. It was through the Jews that the knowledge of medicine penetrated among the Arabs; and it was from the Saracens in Spain that the knowledge of medicine came to the Christians in Europe, where Montpellier became the rival medical school to Salerno. But unhappily the physicians of the ninth and tenth centuries had departed from the wise teaching of Samuel, who encouraged dissection. They came to regard the examination of the human body with the knife as a sort of sacrilege, and despised surgery as an ignoble profession. However, in the eleventh century medicine made great strides. 'The Oriental tongues,' says Cabanis, who has written on the *Revolutions of Medicine*, 'were familiar to the Jews, and from the time when Galenus and Hippocrates and the other masters of medicine were known only through Arabic and

Syriac translations, the Jews alone knew how to treat the sick with some sort of method, and to make a practical use of the labours of antiquity.' In fact, the profession of medicine became a speciality of the Jews. Every prince and every prelate had his Hebrew physician, who was thus at times drawn into controversy involuntarily. Anselm of Treves, who wrote in 1050, says that the Emperor Henry III. had a Jewish physician, and that this man and Wazo, Bishop of Liège, had often arguments with one another about certain passages in the Bible. One day the Jew bet his finger that he could defeat the bishop in argument. According to Anselm, he lost his bet, and then held out his finger to the bishop to have it amputated. Bishop Wazo laughingly bade him keep it in trust for him till he claimed it.

Ibn-Zohar was born at Penafior, in Spain, about 1070 A.D. and began to study medicine when he was ten years old. His father made him solemnly swear never to allow himself to be persuaded to employ poisons, for at that time Jewish physicians were in repute not solely for healing purposes, but also as being able to remove persons who were obnoxious. He was named house-physician to Ali, king of Seville; and had the bad fortune to recover the brother of the king, whom Ali had caused to be poisoned. In revenge for this, he was thrown into prison, and languished there till Jusuf, Prince of Morocco, drove Ali from his throne. Then he recovered his liberty, and entered into the service of his deliverer.

The most illustrious Jewish physician of the twelfth century was Moses-ben-Maimon, or Maimonides, as he is usually called. He was born in 1135, and became a magistrate of Cordova. He was forced in 1160 to embrace Islam, but fled at the first opportunity, and took refuge in Egypt, where he became physician to several of the Sultans. In one of his letters he complains how hard were his duties, for if one of the children, wives, or servants of the Sultan was ill, he was detained in the palace till this member of the household was recovered. He had to visit the palace every day, and as he lived at three-quarters of a league from Cairo, his time was by this means greatly taken up. On his way, crowds of Jews and Mohammedans lined the road, and he had to attend to and prescribe for all. His consultations continued till late at night, and till sometimes he had lost the power of speech and fell asleep standing. Among the numerous works left by Maimonides is one on Bronchitis.

In Bagdad there lived in the same century a famous Arabic physician who lectured to Arabs. No Jew and no Christian was permitted to attend his lectures. However, a young Jew, Ebat-Allah, was most desirous of instruction; he persuaded a servant to conceal him in the lecture-room, and thus he attended the course for a whole year. One day the Professor was asked a question on medicine by a pupil, which he could not answer off hand, whereupon Ebat-Allah shouted forth the reply from his hiding-place. He recollected having heard it in one of the former lectures. He was brought forth from his place of concealment, and the physician on questioning him was astounded to find that he had learned more than

all the rest of his pupils. He afterwards became famous, became physician to the Calif, and acquired the title of 'The Unique.' He deserted the faith of his fathers for Mohammedanism, and was bitterly reproached for becoming a renegade by a fellow-physician at court who was a Christian. He died in 1164, blind, deaf, and in abject poverty.

Abu Bekr Mohammed Ibn-Zohar was a Jewish doctor at the court of Jusuf, Prince of Morocco. One day, the Prince, hastily entering his physician's cabinet, did not find him there, but on the table were some Arabic verses from his hand, blotted with his tears, in which he bewailed his loneliness, separated from wife and children, who were at Seville. The Prince went away, and without a word to Ibn-Zohar, wrote to the Governor of Seville to send over to Morocco the family of the Jewish doctor. When they had arrived, Jusuf lodged them in a handsome house, and then sent his physician there, saying that he would find in that house certain persons who had long suffered from heartache, whom he desired him to cure.

In 1246 the Council of Béziers forbade Christians having recourse to Israelite physicians; and the Council of Alby in 1254 condemned the employment of medicines made after Jewish prescriptions.

The faculty of Paris was unquestionably jealous of the favour in which Jewish doctors were held, for in 1301 it issued a decree forbidding men and women of the religion of Moses from exercising the medical profession towards any person of the Catholic religion. In Spain, also, several decrees of Councils were launched against the Jewish doctors, and against Christians employing them. The same was done by Councils at Avignon in 1326 and 1337; but these canons seem to have been ignored. The sick insisted on calling to their aid the men who were esteemed best able to treat their several maladies, regardless of their nationality and the faith they professed. At Montpellier, several fanatical priests excommunicated their parishioners who turned a deaf ear to their injunctions to abstain from recourse to Hebrew doctors, who, they said, were unqualified to act, not having received degrees at the university. James, king of Majorca and Count of Roussillon, by letters-patent forbade the Israelites practising medicine without having been examined and been granted faculties; and these letters were confirmed by Philip VI. in 1331.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century a furious controversy raged among the Jewish physicians relative to the advantage of an amulet with a figure of a lion on it which was in use and had been prescribed by Isaac de Lattes. It was interrupted by the expulsion of the Jews from France in 1306, when all the Jewish doctors of the school of Montpellier went into exile. Many were received into favour by Charles II., king of Naples, but great numbers were dispersed and died of want. In 1368 the Council of Lavaur, in Languedoc, renewed the canons against the practice of medicine by the Jews; but King John took them under his protection, and, by a decree in 1362, empowered them to exercise surgery and medicine if they had passed a qualifying examination. Under this decree the Jews held their own to the end of the century.

We have not space to mention the names of the most famous even of the numerous Israelite medical men of the succeeding centuries, but we must not omit to notice the successful operation for cataract on Don John II. of Aragon by Abiabar, Jewish surgeon of Lerida, in 1468. In 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella banished all Jews from Spain. The popes Eugenius IV. and Nicolas V. his successor forbade Christians from calling to their aid Hebrew doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries. Their successors, however, did not share their intolerance. Paul II. tolerated Jewish physicians, and exempted them from wearing the red gabardine which marked those of their race and religion. Julius II. had a private physician who was a Hebrew; so had Leo X. the famous Bonnet de Lattes; so had Paul III. and Julius III. Some of the Italian Jew physicians, Balmez, Manteno, and Alatino translated Arabic treatises into Latin, and materially assisted in the diffusion of medical knowledge. In 1555 the imperious Paul IV. forbade the practice of medicine by Jews; and as this papal bull was disregarded generally, it was renewed by Pius IV., then by Gregory XIII., in 1562 and 1581. However, Sixtus V. reversed these decisions by a bull in 1586, in which he accorded full permission to Israelite doctors to minister to Christian patients.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE *Kew Bulletin* publishes the results of inquiries which have been made with reference to a plant yielding 'Meing,' a preparation which is much used for chewing by the Laos, a people inhabiting a district of Siam. The plant used in the preparation of this delicacy is the Assam tea-plant of commerce, which is not employed for making an infused beverage, as in other lands, but is made up into Meing. This is prepared by steaming the leaves, tying them up in bundles, and burying them in the ground for a period of about fifteen days, after which the compound will keep for two years or more. The chewing of Meing is almost universal among the Laos, and is especially esteemed by those who are engaged in severe bodily labour.

It is generally believed that in Britain and in other European countries tea is used only in the form of the 'cup that cheers;' but it would seem that this is not the case. It is reported on good authority that tea eaten dry is supposed, among certain classes, especially domestic servants, to be good for the complexion, and that when the taste is once acquired, the desire for the leaf assumes all the importance of a craze like opium-smoking or dram-drinking, and is as pernicious as either. It is supposed that the erroneous notion that tea can have any influence in beautifying the complexion arises from the circumstance that the Chinese used to treat the tea-leaves with arsenic, a drug which is known to have a peculiar clearing influence upon the skin of those who take it habitually.

Legislation for the protection of the eggs of

wild-birds has long been urgently called for, and the question is discussed anew by Mr E. P. Knubley in a recent number of the *Annals of Scottish Natural History*. It is there suggested that County Councils should acquire powers from Parliament from time to time and as necessity arises to protect mountains, commons, and waste places, lakes, portions of cliff and foreshore, for certain months of the year. In the meantime, landlords and occupiers having control over such places would do good by protecting as far as possible birds breeding on their lands.

In view of the danger of explosion if a naked light be used on board a tank oil-steamer, Custom-house officers are directed in future to use in 'rummaging' such vessels electric lights of special pattern. Another recent Customs' order directs that packages said to contain photographic preparations sensitive to white light shall be examined only by ruby-coloured lanterns. Both these regulations were much needed, and the latter will be particularly appreciated by tourist photographers, who have often had to deplore the loss of valuable plates, negatives in embryo, through the conscientious persistence of a Custom-house officer.

A curious light is thrown on the perfection to which natural wine is imitated by modern chemical methods in a story that is related by our consul at Cadiz. This gentleman relates that he and a friend, visiting one of the native sherry cellars there, partook of two samples of wine which seemed to them to be almost identical in flavour and quality. To their surprise, they were told that one of these wines was a natural product, the market price of which was fifty pounds a butt, while the other sample was a manufactured article, which costs fourpence-halfpenny per bottle, and is probably retailed at four shillings per bottle. This imitation of the natural juice of the grape can hardly come under the head of adulteration or sophistication, but must rather be looked upon as a triumph of modern chemistry. The natural product is first analysed, and the chemist, ascertaining the exact nature of its constituent parts, is able to combine those constituents, and thus reproduce as nearly as possible the original compound.

The *North-eastern Daily Gazette* announces the discovery of a new and simple process of producing caustic soda, chlorine, and other chemical products, direct from the brine, by electricity. The most careful tests show an economy of over fifty per cent. in favour of the new process, as compared with former methods. It is described as the simplest of all the known processes of soda-making, the caustic soda being produced direct from the brine in one operation instead of two. At present carbonate of soda is first produced, and from that the caustic soda is made. 'The valuable chlorine is also saved and utilised for the production of bleaching powder and other bye-products.' Eminent chemists and electricians have already pronounced the new method a complete success from a chemical point of view; and it is said that there is every prospect of its being worked as a commercial success.

Mr Van der Weyde, the well-known London photographer, has invented a method of causing or curing distortion in photographic pictures by an appliance which he names the Photo-corrector.

For instance, if in a photograph the head of the subject be rendered too large—as it must be if the face be thrown at all forward—its size can be reduced by this new agent; hands and feet of large proportions, whether their size be due to the fault of the photograph or to Nature herself, can be reduced in either width or length, or both, at the will of the operator. These changes are brought about, not by any stretching or shrinkage of the photographic film, but by purely optical means. As the method adopted forms the subject of a patent, its details are not yet made public.

The art of ballooning for military purposes continues to excite the attention of the authorities, and experiments are becoming common in all countries. In Russia, this subject forms an important part of military training, and a balloon floating at an altitude of two thousand feet, and carrying a powerful electric search-light, has been used there experimentally as a means of throwing a powerful beam of light upon the earth beneath. In Germany, such experiments have been encouraged by the Emperor William, who has promised an annual donation of twenty thousand marks to the Association founded in that country to promote the art of aërostation.

It is not generally known that no one has a right to use even the simple glass still commonly employed for chemical work unless he holds a license from the Board of Inland Revenue. The subject has recently assumed prominence from the fact of an analytical chemist being called upon to pay license duty for using such a still. It is satisfactory to note that on the receipt of a protest against payment of this duty it has been officially declared that the Board have no desire to extend the obligation to take out a license for stills used solely for distilling water, and that if any analytical chemist will submit his case to the Board, it will receive careful consideration.

The cheap production of the beautiful metal, aluminium, continues to lead to various new applications of the material, which, on account of its extreme lightness as well as its fine appearance, causes it to find favour in many employments. It is presently to be used in a totally new service in the city of Chicago, where a house of sixteen storeys, at the corner of State and Madison Streets, is to be erected, which will be entirely fronted on both sides with aluminium, in lieu of brick or terra-cotta. This new departure in house-building will be regarded with great interest. Opticians are also using aluminium largely for all kinds of fittings for instruments, such as mounts of lenses, tubes for telescopes, cases for opera glasses, and even tripod legs for cameras. It is also coming into use for such ornamental things as were formerly made of silver or ormolu; and many shops where such things are sold are now displaying a variety of articles made of the pretty white metal.

While aluminium was daily becoming cheaper, the price of platinum recently rose nearly to that of gold, a result brought about, it is said, by a combination between English merchants and brokers in St Petersburg, who controlled the output from the Uralian mines. The increase in price had, however, one good effect in causing new sources of supply to be discovered, and the price of the metal quickly went down to its old level. There are now in the Urals forty mines

along the course of a single river, the grains of ore being obtained from the sand by the very primitive process of washing in cradles. Were it not for the extraordinary weight of the metallic grains, much of the metal would under this treatment be washed away. The metal as found requires careful purification, for with it are commonly associated gold, iron, osmium, iridium, and other rare metals.

It will be remembered that last session a resolution of the House of Commons was passed, at the instance of Sir E. Birkbeck, relative to the establishment of a complete system of electrical communication on our coasts. Many of our coastguard stations, lifeboat houses, and post-offices are now in electrical communication, and in more than one instance the new departure has already led to the saving of lives. It is stated that the Royal Commission which has been dealing with telegraphic communication between lightships and the shore will recommend that the four lightships which guard the terrible Goodwin Sands shall forthwith be placed in electrical communication with the coast. Those who dwell in the neighbourhood of the Downs know how often lives might have been saved if communication with these lightships had been more prompt.

The Excise authorities in London have lately been doing their best to stop the sale of cigar stumps. In cases which they have brought before the courts it has been distinctly proved that stewards of clubs, and those having the charge of public resorts where large numbers of cigars are consumed, make a practice of selling the stubs, or ends, at the rate of about one shilling per pound to certain factories at the east end of London, where they are chopped up and rolled in fresh tobacco leaves, and ultimately sold once more as 'cigars.' The authorities have stopped this traffic on the ground of fraud against the revenue, but at the same time they are doing good work in making difficult the manufacture of so-called cigars which, saturated with nicotine, must be most pernicious to the consumer.

A German paper asserts that the camels which were introduced into German South-west Africa last year have proved most valuable as a means of keeping up communication between distant places as well as for long journeys into the interior of the country; the power of these remarkable animals of being able to travel for an entire week without food or water has been put to the test again and again. They are said to stand the climate well, and are not subject to many fatal diseases which attack both horses and cattle in this part of South Africa.

Mr F. E. Ives of Philadelphia, whose method of combining three photographic pictures taken under special conditions with three coloured glasses of selected tints, and combining their images on a screen by optical means so as to form a veritable picture in colours, was brought by him before our Royal Society some months back, has now produced commercially a modified form of the instrument, which he calls the Heliochromoscope. This is a table appliance in which is placed a special triple photograph, and which is said to reproduce the lights and shades and colours of Nature as readily as the phonograph

reproduces sounds. Mr Ives' instrument has certainly the advantage over Edison's phonograph in the fact that it has not only achieved success but is a marketable article. The phonograph, on the other hand, about which so many wonders have been recorded, seems, for some reason or other, to hang fire; so far as we can learn it is neither advertised nor sold.

Saccharin, that wonderful product of coal-tar, which is said to be three hundred times sweeter than sugar, and is now known as a valuable therapeutic agent, has recently found a new application as a substitute for sugar in the preservation of fruits. This industry has hitherto found an obstacle to its operations in the circumstance that certain fruits have associated with their skins micro-organisms which in the presence of cane-sugar set up fermentation. This action can be stayed by the employment of excess of sugar, or by heating the fruit to a high temperature in order to kill the germs which cause the mischief; but both expedients are prejudicial to the flavour of the fruit. By the employment of saccharin in the proportion of one and a quarter ounces to four gallons of water the difficulty vanishes, and the bottled fruit need not be exposed to a temperature higher than one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit.

The San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway has a novel device for overcoming the difficulties connected with a steep incline. The road has a double track, the up-track as it reaches the difficult place—a grade of fourteen in one hundred—making a detour, so as to climb the hill by a longer route having an easier ascent. The down-track comes direct down the hill; but to avoid a too swift descent, a counter-weight is drawn up as the train descends. The track has beneath it a conduit, in which runs a carriage carrying this weight; and by means of a half-inch wire-rope the weighted carriage is attached to the car before it begins its descent. The rope passes several times round a drum on the car, so that the rate of speed can be controlled by the man in charge of the train.

At a recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, a paper by Mr Hadfield on 'Alloys of Iron and Chromium' met with much attention. In America, chrome-steel has been produced for some years; but there are difficulties in making the alloys, especially when large masses have to be dealt with, which have not been yet overcome. That chrome steel is a valuable metal for many purposes was vouched for by Mr Webb of Crewe, who asserted that springs made from it were so superior to those made of any other material that the springs on the North-western Railway had been replaced by those made of the new material. He stated also that a better-wearing tire was producible from chrome steel than from ordinary metal, and that it was valuable in the making of various tools.

Some time ago, Mr John Aitken pointed out that dust particles in the air would, under certain conditions, attract moisture, and thus form cloud or fog. Based upon this observation, he has now invented an instrument for ascertaining the degree of impurity which may exist in the air of a room or other enclosed space. The air to be tested is held in a tube while a jet of steam is passed through it, when coloured fog is pro-

duced varying in tint from delicate green to deep blue. The colour indicates in a very accurate manner the degree to which the air is impregnated with dust particles.

A correspondent of the *Spectator* has been making some curious experiments at the London Zoological Gardens with reference to the effect of musical instruments upon the animals confined there. At the sound of the violin, the six-months-old chimpanzee 'Jack,' which may be regarded as the most highly organised animal in the Gardens, evinced at first every symptom of fear, its hair standing erect, and the creature hiding itself in its blanket. But fear soon gave way to a more pleasurable feeling, and the little creature listened intently, and with evident satisfaction, to the music. His joy seemed to know no bounds when the violin reproduced the sounds of the bagpipes, for he turned head over heels, and threw his straw about in handfuls in the excess of his delight.

From the Berlin Royal Observatory comes a request, or perhaps we should say invitation, to observers all over the world to make records concerning a very remarkable meteorological phenomenon which since the year 1885 has been more or less prevalent. This phenomenon takes the form of luminous clouds which appear bright on the twilight sky, and differ in this respect from ordinary cirrus clouds, which appear dark under the same conditions. These luminous clouds have been repeatedly and simultaneously photographed from various points in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and their altitude has thus been ascertained to be exceedingly great—over five miles.

In a recent speech at Colchester, the new President of the Board of Agriculture encouraged farmers to take a less cheerless view of things, and ventured to assert that when accurate and official opinions could be formed, agricultural matters might not be so bad as they seemed. He pointed out that there were branches of industry which did not receive due attention at the hands of our farmers, and as a proof stated that in 1890 we paid to foreigners £10,398,843 for butter; £3,428,806 for eggs; £4,975,134 for cheese; £497,857 for poultry and game; and £4,804,750 for vegetables and fruit—in all nearly twenty-five millions of money for produce, a good deal of which could be raised at home.

CURIOUS AND AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE.

PEOPLE are generally very particular when writing to royalty, and take special care to make their correspondence as acceptable as possible. Dr Schmidt, however, of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote a letter to the king of Prussia of a very formal character, and one which showed that he thought more of business than of flattery. The letter was couched in these terms:

SIRE—I acquaint Your Majesty, first, that there are wanting Books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint Your Majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint Your Majesty, third, that the balus-

trade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The king was very much amused by this epistle, and, adopting Dr Schmidt's style, replied as follows:

I acquaint you, M. Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

Like the newspapers, the king thought it advisable to inform his correspondent, in his own way, that 'the correspondence must now cease.'

The placing of letters in wrong envelopes has been responsible for much 'curious correspondence, and brought about many awkward situations. A French Bishop once made a ludicrous mistake in this way, and his experience would probably induce him to exercise more care on future occasions. He was writing to his Cardinal and a certain Duchess at the same time, and when the letters were delivered, the Cardinal read: 'I have just now wrote to his old Eminence, my charming queen, to entreat his leave to return to Paris. I make no doubt but he will grant it. As for the rest, the air is so pure here that I have acquired a good state of health, as you will perceive when I come to have the happiness of seeing you.'

Of course the Bishop was in blissful ignorance of what he had done; so we can easily understand his feelings at the answer evoked by his love-letter. This is what was sent him: 'His old Eminence advises you to extinguish your passion. His Majesty orders you to remain in your diocese till further orders; and requires that your life and conversation may be as pure as the air you breathe; and that you make no other use of your good state of health but to discharge the duties of your function.'

In view of these orders, his 'charming queen' would stand a very poor chance of seeing how the pure air had improved the health of her ardent admirer.

Ignorance of the rules of orthography is also a common cause of curious letters. Here is a case in point, the epistle being one received by a gentleman from his gardener: 'HONRED SIR—My wif an I have taken the Ian from Windsor. Jenny Cedar has lost her head, the rest of the scrubs are all well. The Oxen are come down to prase the Goods.' One would hardly imagine, from reading the above, that the intelligence he sought to convey was as follows: 'HONOURD SIR—My wife and I have taken the influenza. The Virginia cedar has lost its head; the rest of the shrubs are all well. The auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.'

The doctor, too, who received the annexed note from one of his patients must have been somewhat puzzled as to the nature of the complaint, and if he consulted his pharmacopœia he would not find it mentioned there, at anyrate not as

described by the sufferer: 'SUR—I weesh yew wood koom an see me—I av got a bad kould-eel in my Bowhills—an av lost my Happy tide.—Sur Yer umbel Sarvent.'

Some curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick: 'SIR—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear, and swears he will not play to-night.' At first sight, this seems peculiar conduct for a Bishop; but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of *Henry VIII.*

On another occasion, Garrick wrote to Stone: 'If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill; the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for *Richard*, if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely mayor.'

Things do not seem to have gone on smoothly, however, for in one letter Stone complains: 'Mr Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday. I only ax'd for my two guineas for the last Bishop, and he said I should not have a farthing. I cannot live upon air. I have a few *Cupids* you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker I drink with now and then.' This seems to have pleased Garrick, for he replied: 'Stone, you are the best fellow in the world; bring the *Cupids* to the theatre tomorrow: if they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea apiece for them.'

Some people say that self-praise is no recommendation. Liston, the comic actor, does not appear to have entertained this opinion, judging from a letter which he sent to the newspapers in June 1817. It is an admirable 'puff,' and no doubt would prove a splendid advertisement. It was couched in the following terms:

Mr Liston to the Editor.—Sir—My benefit takes place this evening, at Covent Garden Theatre, and I doubt not will be splendidly attended. Several parties in the first circle of fashion were made the moment it was announced. I shall perform Fogrum in *The Slave* and Leperello in *The Libertine*; and in the delineations of those arduous characters I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with great taste in my dresses and elegance in my manner. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify by rapturous applause their most decided approbation. When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, the loveliness of my person and fascinations of my face, which are only equalled by the amiability of my private character, having never pinched my children nor kicked my wife out of bed, there is no doubt but this PUFF will not be inserted in vain.

J. LISTON.

While dealing with theatrical items, it may not be out of place to give a copy of a letter which Goldsmith sent to George Colman the Elder with reference to the subsequently successful comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*:

DEAR SIR—I entreat you'll relieve me from

that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play I will endeavour to remove, and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merits or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation. I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at anyrate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God sake, take the play, and let us make the best of it; and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'Love's young dream' is responsible for a number of amusing letters, but these are generally very loving and very long. After the knot has been tied, shorter ones may do; but it will be difficult to find a letter more concise and to the point than that sent by Dr Donne to his wife's parents. He had married a lady belonging to a rich family without the consent of her parents, and in consequence was treated with great asperity, in fact he was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The Doctor went home and penned the pithy note: 'John Donne, Anne Donne, *undone*,' which he sent to the gentleman in question, and this had the effect of restoring them to favour.

An advertiser for a wife received the following reply, but it is scarcely probable that it would lead to business. Would-be advertisers should take warning. 'SIR—Seeing Advertisement In the *Independent* that you are in want of a partner for life so I offer myself as a Candidate. But Before there is much more correspondence, I should like an intewew with you. Notes the adrea.'

Some correspondents are very brief, and do not waste words when they can possibly avoid it. The schoolmaster who received the note consisting of the home-made word 'Cepatontogotaturing' as an excuse for the non-attendance of one of his scholars, would think that his correspondent had a desire to economise as much as possible. It was meant to convey the intelligence that the boy was 'kept at home to go a-taturing.' It is said that a gentleman who suddenly decided to go to America informed his wife to that effect in the following manner: 'DEAR WIFE—I am going to America—Yours truly.' The lady's reply was equally laconic: 'DEAR HUSBAND—A pleasant voyage—Yours, &c.' These letters are certainly brief enough, and there does not seem to be much love lost between the parties.

Official letters are also sometimes rather quaint. For instance, the letter sent by Lord North to Charles James Fox informing him that he had been turned out of the Government is rather curious: 'His Gracious Majesty [George III.] has been pleased to issue a new Commission, in which your name does not appear.'

The majority of people would prefer the style of writing adopted on one occasion by Lord Dorset, when several gentlemen submitted their

writings to Dryden for his decision as to whose was the best. Dryden, in giving the award to Lord Dorset, stated that he was charmed with the style and subject, and that that kind of writing exceeded any other, whether ancient or modern. We venture to think that most people would agree with him, for this is what he read: 'I promise to pay John Dryden, Esq., or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.—DORSET.'

TENNYSON.

Ye winds that sweep round Britain's shore,
Ye waves that through her channels roar,
Together chant a solemn dirge
For the great Seer who breathes no more.

The preacher of a noble creed,
The sower of a noble seed,
He sought his Country's heart to purge,
And wrote that he who runs might read.

A man of God-inspired mind,
He saw where other eyes were blind,
And taught the world with wise command
In all God's works His Love to find:

He sang of Faith and Chivalry,
Of Truth and old-world Courtesy,
And touched with tender, loving hand
The failings of Humanity:

He ever sought to stem the tide
Of sin and sorrow, stern to chide
The oppressor's misbegotten scorn,
And prune the barren tree of Pride:

He knew the Spirit of his Age,
And guided it with counsel sage
To choose the golden ears of corn,
But spurn the chaff with righteous rage.

Then chant, ye winds, a song of praise,
And you, ye waves, a Pean raise,
Though he, who oft your shores has trod,
Sleeps in the Autumn of his days.

For our great Prophet is not dead,
But, risen to higher realms instead,
Learns the deep mysteries of God,
Where beams of perfect Light are shed.

GERALD CAMPBELL.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
 - 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
 - 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
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